

Hard Time Benefits

Return of Habits of Thrift, Prudence, Economy and Sobriety Results of 1907 Panic.

By Alexander D. Noyes.

IT is no less true of a nation than of an individual, that a show of enormous prosperity, based on extended debt and achieved through living beyond its means, paralyzes the real constructive and progressive energy with which its fortune was originally established. We shall in due time be paying more attention to the fact that the astonishing rise of industrial America in international power and prestige, during the prosperous decade since 1897, its "invasion" of foreign markets, its intrusion on the scene as a new force in the world's productive industry, resulted largely from the saving of capital, the search after economies in production, and the application of cost-reducing invention, which were forced on the business community by the hard times after 1893.

The resources, developed with so extraordinary success by those methods of a dozen years ago, we still possess, and they are not less certain a factor in the future of industrial America than they were in 1896 or in 1901. Economic history is unerring in one of its specific teachings; namely, that after each successive crisis of the sort, American finance and industry have in due time risen to far greater heights of genuine power and prestige than in the preceding cycle of prosperity. As for the further outcome, in the return of habits of thrift, prudence, economy and sobriety, to the American people in their private life, this will be the quickest and surest of all results. Nobody who has studied our social history during the last half dozen years will doubt that the change was needed.—The Century.

How The Galveston Scheme Works

By H. J. Cooper.

WE in Galveston do think, however, that we have pretty nearly solved the most difficult problem of civic administration. After six years' trial of it there is very little that we would want changed in the charter, and we have re-elected the whole board of commissioners three times. There is no politics in it—and the remnants of the old board of aldermen and the "bad" element following them—and yearning for the old days of misrule and graft—have tried very hard to inject politics into it. It is a plain business government, on a plain, everyday, common-sense, business, human plan; it has nothing sectional, racial, or geographical in it that will limit it; it is practical for every American city, even the very largest ones, for size has nothing to do with its principles.

Election at large of a commissioner for each department or group of departments—never less than four nor needfully more than seven.

A sharp definition of the departments.

An equally sharp definition of the powers and responsibilities of each and every head of department.

A president, elected at large—not having charge of any department and who has a vote but no veto.

No "executive" sessions.

No "standing" committees nor any "committees" in the usual aldermanic sense.

That is all. As Kipling says, "Think of the gorgeous simplicity of it!"—Success.

Martian Life

Conditions Make for Creatures of an Advanced Order of Intellect. . . .

By Percival Lowell.

WHATEVER its actual age, any life now existent on Mars must be in the land stage of its development, on the whole a much higher one than the marine. But, more than this, it should probably have gone much further if it exist at all, for in its evolving of terra firma, Mars has far outstripped the earth. Mars's surface is now all land. Its form of life must be not only terrestrial as against aquatic, but even as opposed to terraqueous ones. They must have reached not simply the stage of land dwelling where the possibilities are greater for those able to embrace them, but that further point of pinching poverty where brain is needed to survive at all.

The struggle for existence in their planet's decrepitude and decay would tend to evolve intelligence to cope with circumstances growing momentarily more and more adverse. But, furthermore, the solidarity that the conditions prescribed would conduce to a breadth of understanding sufficient to utilize it. Intercommunication over the whole globe is made not only possible, but obligatory. This would lead to the easier spreading over it of some dominant creature—especially were this being of an advanced order of intellect—able to rise above its bodily limitations to amelioration of the conditions through exercise of mind. What absence of seas would thus entail, absence of mountains would further. These two obstacles to distribution removed, life there would tend the quicker to reach a highly organized stage. Thus Martian conditions themselves make for intelligence.—From The Century.

Priscilla Explains.

"Did you break this vase, Priscilla?" "It would be somewhat at variance with the truth, madam, to personally assume the fracture. The vase slipped from my fingers. It was the abrupt collision with the floor that caused its disintegration."

And of course when you have a Boston girl in the kitchen an explanation like that has to go.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Giving His Exercise.

"Justin," said Mrs. Wynn. "Yes," replied Mr. Wynn.

World's Greatest Airship.

Count Zeppelin's new airship, No. 4, which is almost completed, will have cost \$100,000. It is 444 feet in length, the diameter of the balloon is 50 feet, and it will be driven by three Daimler motors, each of 140 horse-power.

Count Zeppelin hopes that the new balloon will attain a speed of 47 miles per hour, and calculates that it will be able to travel without landing for about 1430 miles.

It will be provided with search-lights for night traveling, and a complete apparatus for sending and receiving wireless telegraphic messages.—Philadelphia Record.

Among flowers the chrysanthemum is said to live the longest after being cut.

MY COMRADE.

I have a comrade; he and I are like
As any pair of peas in any pod.
A wilful creature he, as you would strike,
And aye impatient "death addition's"
rod.
When his own way he finds he cannot get
He raises Ned and other things to boot.
With awful voice he roars his dreadful
fret.
Regardless that the world won't care a
hoot.

My comrade likes to play the newest
game—
He quickly tires of all that's old and
trite.
Scarce plays he two succeeding days the
same.
Amusements seem to age so ever night.
He will not work unless he is compelled.
He smiles on those with whom he thinks
a smile.
The best investment, and his head gets
swelled
By people's praise, regardless of their
guile.

My comrade likes the food that least
agrees
With his digestion—hates the whole-
some things;
Hates other people's warblings, but de-
scribes
We all stand breathless, harking while
he sings.
In all these ways, and ake in many more,
My comrade's instincts tally well with
mine.
He is my child, I should have said be-
fore;
He's two years old, and I am thirty-
nine.
—Chicago News.

By the Lake.

By MARGARET CARRUTHERS.

Natalie Livingstone sat gazing out of the window across the closely cropped lawn, past the tulip beds that were marvels of the gardener's art, and out over the lake dotted with many little pleasure craft. She could hear the sound of laughter coming from the water, and it only made it all the harder for her to go away.

But there was the stinging but polite little note informing her that her services were no longer required, and enclosing the customary week's wages and her ticket back to the city.

She knew the reason for her sudden dismissal, and that made it seem all the more unjust. It was not because of incompetency, but because of the scarcity of eligible young men and the superabundance of marriageable young ladies with overambitious mothers.

She had known there were objections because of the attentions paid her by some of the male guests, and which she had tried hard to avoid.

Her self-possession and refined manners had all been discussed and voted a menace by the mothers with the marriageable but less attractive daughters, and for once they had united and sent a committee to the management and demanded Natalie's removal.

The soft, white skin, the large blue eyes and wavy, flaxen hair were all urged as reasons why she should go, and were pronounced the cause and reason why several of the young men had suddenly abandoned their pursuit of pleasure and plunged themselves into business at the Lakeside.

"The very idea of her being allowed to use the boats on the lake and walk around on the lawn and veranda like one of the guests!" indignantly remarked Miss Allen, conspicuous for her brick-colored hair and turned-up nose and an impediment in her speech, but whose mother occupied one of the most expensive suites in the hotel and entertained largely.

"Why, at Taber's in the White Mountains last year the 'typewriter' had to eat with the help and was not allowed even in the corridors unless summoned there to do some work for the guests," broke in Mamie Lacy, whose father had risen to the dignity of an alderman and whose mother had social ambitions for Mamie which were gratified in a measure by her short stay every year at the Lakeside.

"Such impertinence!" chimed in Miss Clark, a school teacher of uncertain age. "Why, I have been spending two whole weeks here every summer for the past four years, and I have never been the subject of such indignities before. Why, she actually curls her hair, yet flaunts her innocence and good manners in the eyes of the men, thinking to dazzle them. Well, she can't fool me, anyway."

And so it had been until the note had been the result. Poor little Natalie! All she wanted was to be left alone to earn her living, and she had been delighted at the prospect of spending the hot summer months at the Lakeside, but now she would have to go back to the sweltering city and haunt the employment agencies, and even if she was successful, as she could scarcely hope to be at this dull season, she would be obliged to live in a stuffy furnished room in a poor quarter made over more miserable by its crowded condition.

She had been happy here at the lake, the long walks, the boat rides and the wild flower pilgrimages, but now she must give it all up.

She packed her simple belongings, looked around the cozy little room that had been hers, and where she had found so much rest and happiness, and tears came to the great blue eyes as she closed the door and slowly made her way to the manager's office to bid him good-bye.

She sat out and him in, and as her

train did not leave until night she walked toward the lake out into the woods all white with dogwood and purple with violets.

They seemed even more beautiful because of her enforced departure and she could not keep back the tears that crowded into her eyes or the pain at the thought of the struggle of the past year that she must resume again just when she thought she was going to be so happy.

Her mother had died, leaving her alone and when the estate had been settled there was but little left for Natalie. She had faced the situation bravely and had secured this position for the summer to be among the birds and flowers she loved so well.

She thought, as she walked along, of the cool months she had spent with her mother in the mountains and these woods seemed only a tantalizing reminder of that other and happier life.

At last, unable to restrain herself longer she sank down on the soft green grass and burst into soul-refreathing tears. She was still crying when she heard a rustle of the bushes near her and looking up, could scarcely believe what she saw.

"Why, Steve," she stammered.

"Why, Miss Natalie," he blurted.

She pinched herself and rubbed her eyes to be sure she was not dreaming. Yes, it was Steve (Malcolm's man), sure enough a ghost of that other life come to haunt her and make her more miserable, she thought. She started to speak, but just as she did the bushes parted again and Malcolm Goodrich himself stepped into the breach.

He started, almost falling back among the bushes.

"Why, Nat," he exclaimed, "in heaven's name, what are you doing here? Is it really you, and where have you been all this time?"

He threw himself down on the grass beside her and motioned Steve away.

"Why, Nat, I have searched everywhere for you and to find you this way. Tell me, Nat, what did you run away for without letting a fellow know where you were going, and tell me what you have been doing all this time."

"Why, I have been right here part of the time," she answered, trying hard to hide the traces of her tears and smiling bravely. "You know there was nothing left, so I left college and after a course in shorthand accepted the position of stenographer at the hotel up there for the summer."

Then she told him of the note and its cause. He listened attentively and said, "Poor little girl! Why I own that hotel and these woods—and that castle like house on the hill commanding such a splendid view of the lake. I bought it for a summer home; do you like it?"

"The hotel is leased for this season, but next year I am going to turn it into a golf club, clearing away part of these woods to enlarge the links. I was just looking over the place a bit when I had the good fortune to run across you, and now, Nat, there is no end of happiness in store for you."

"But I leave this evening for the city, I must find another position."

"Now, look here, Nat, why don't you stay right here? You know I love you and I intended to tell you so, and ask you to marry me as soon as I got out of college. Then your mother died and I knew I must wait, and then you disappeared as completely as though the earth had opened and swallowed you."

She did not answer, but sat silently thinking of the note and the hot city, and turning suddenly, she asked, "Is it because you are sorry for me that you are asking me, Malcolm?"

"Why, bless you, Nat, it's because I love you and have loved you ever since we were kiddies, and your hat fell into the brook and I waded in and rescued it and was soundly spanked for getting wet."

They laughed at the happy recollection and as he took her in his arms she nestled closer and gazed silently across the lake to the house overlooking it that was to be their home.—From the New York Evening Journal.

Saved Himself First.

Sam and Joe were out rowing, when the boat capsized, spilling both men in the water. Sam was a fine swimmer, but not very bright, while Joe was bright enough, but could not swim a stroke.

When Sam found himself in the water he struck out lustily for the shore, while Joe clung to the overturned skiff.

As soon as Sam reached the shore he was about to plunge into the water again, when a man standing near said:

"What are you going back into the water for? You just swam ashore!" Sam paused a moment, then said:

"Well, I had to save myself first; now I'm going back to fetch Joe!" Philadelphia Inquirer.

The Best Pet.

"I want to make a gift to Miss Pansy," said Dumley. "I wonder what sort of animal she'd prefer for a pet?"

"A man," promptly suggested Miss Knox.—Philadelphia Press.

The oldest Roman Catholic college in the United States is Georgetown College, Georgetown, D. C.

SCIENCE & MECHANICS

Solfatara, a semi-extinct volcano near Pozzuoli, has opened a new crater 250 feet from the ancient one. It is emitting a voluminous column of sulphurous gases. The activity of Solfatara always is supposed to coincide with the inactivity of Vesuvius.

The International Committee on atomic weights has recently announced the changes in the list of elements for 1908. These are, with one exception, practically the same as those announced for 1907. The only notable change in the addition to the list of a new element, dysprosium, whose atomic weight is given as 162.5.

It is reported that a student of the Electro-Technical Institute of St. Petersburg, named Freudenberg, has invented an apparatus for exploding mines by wireless telegraphy. Numerous experiments already made are said to have proved remarkably successful. The apparatus is also claimed to be suited for directing Whitehead torpedoes at long ranges.

In Denmark only the inter-provincial, the inter-communal and the international telephones are worked by the State, while the local telephones are worked by private limited companies, under concessions.

The staff of Greenwich Observatory announce that they have discovered an eighth satellite of Jupiter. During an examination of photographic plates of Jupiter, Mr. Melotte, one of the assistant astronomers, discovered a faint marking occupying slightly different positions on the different plates. The satellite has a retrograde motion.

Remarkable expansion has taken place in the Indian manganese industry, statistics showing that while the total quantity of manganese ore shipped through the Kilderpore Docks during the whole of the year 1906 was 14,587 tons, the shipments up to the end of October last year amounted to 40,349 tons. The Carnegie Steel Company, of Pittsburgh, has acquired large manganese properties in India, and it is expected that these figures will be yet further increased.

What It Costs to Run New York.

The State of New York is the largest in the Union, and it takes a good deal of money to run it. According to the figures furnished the Rochester Post-Express by Senator Armstrong, chairman of the Senate Committee on Finance, it took about \$36,000,000, exclusive of trust funds, to meet the appropriations of the regular session of the Legislature recently adjourned. As would be expected in an enlightened commonwealth, the greatest expenditures were for the benefit of charities and schools. Hospitals received \$5,661,118, and the common schools (not including normal schools and academies) \$4,665,625, a sum exceeding by a half-million the appropriation of last year. Charitable institutions other than hospitals received \$2,582,759, and the judiciary \$1,268,696. The remainder of the \$36,000,000 was distributed among the score of other departments of State work in amounts ranging from \$50,000 to \$500,000. One conspicuous item is that of \$450,000 for printing, which seems very excessive. The total appropriations exceed by nearly \$3,000,000 those of last year, but the law allows the Governor to cut out unnecessary items in appropriations bills, and he considerably lessened the amount.—Lansie's.

Olives in Carolina.

It has been the generally accepted belief that olives were first grown in America by the Mission Fathers of California, but the first olives in America were planted on the coast of South Carolina long before colonial times. During the American Revolution there was a ten-acre bearing olive grove on the south shore of Fort Royal entrance. When the Civil War commenced some of these trees were living. At its close only the stumps remained. It is supposed that soldiers had escaped there and cut the trees down for firewood. The surrounding woods is said to be full of wild olive trees, the birds having carried the seeds from the ancient trees. The old olive grove was on the "Foot Point" plantation.—Philadelphia Grit.

Never Bankrupt.

"Have you ever been bankrupt?" asked the counsel.

"I have not."

"Now, be careful," admonished the lawyer. "Did you ever stop part-time?"

"Yes."

"Ah, I thought you would get at the truth," observed counsel, with an approving smile. "When did this stoppage occur?"

"I don't know," said the client. —Boston Globe.